

[Gotten Into You](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Blood and darkness. They've had sex once and Thanatos' mind is a reservoir of filth.

A newly developed sense of sexual desire is really making it difficult for Thanatos to keep his mind off of Zagreus, and his hands off himself.

Gotten Into You

Author's Note:

The person who inspired this isn't active anymore but I just wanted to say thank you and much love ♥♥

FYI: a whole gamut of words used to refer to zag's bits in this one

He needs Zagreus.

Thanatos is not used to needing anything.

He doesn't need to eat, drink, or even *breathe* the way mortals do. He doesn't need to sleep—though Hypnos tries to debate this—and he doesn't need to even walk on the ground if he chooses otherwise.

But he *needs* Zag.

Their first night together, they'd taken it slow. Zag had shown Thanatos everything love could be, and Thanatos had spent so much of their time together overwhelmed and trying to catch his breath.

As it were, that is.

He doesn't need to breathe.

He only needs Zagreus.

This desire feels like it's burning through him. Like Zag's own infernal heat was contagious. Thanatos will be doing his work, getting along fine, and then he's struck with warmth that turns into heat that turns into an all-consuming lust. Now that he knows what it feels like to kiss Zagreus, to touch him—not he knows what Zagreus feels like inside and out—he can't quench those flames himself.

He doesn't think he'd want to.

He *likes* getting hot over Zag, that strike of arousal like Zagreus' arrows landing in the heart of an exalted shade. It's a little dirty, knowing that he's performing his extremely somber and often quite clinical and/or clerical duties while thinking of how Zagreus' lips feel around his cock.

Blood and darkness. They've had sex *once* and Thanatos' mind is a reservoir of filth.

He'd never touched himself before Zag, never entertained the idea of sleeping with someone before Zag. It was as if something changed within him when they kissed. Or maybe when they went to his bed, laughing and pulling at each other's clothes. Or maybe when Zagreus, naked, lay back on his bed and spread his legs and showed Thanatos the hot core of him and asked Thanatos to *fill him up*.

Probably it was that, right?

He thinks about it constantly now. It's always in the back of his mind, the feeling of being pressed so close to Zagreus, inside him, as if they were one. The little things Zagreus whispered to him fill his ears. "*You're doing so well. It's like you were made for me. Don't stop, you feel so good!*"

He has to shake his head to get his mind off it.

He has time for a break, doesn't he?

Of all the souls in the world, Zagreus' is the easiest to find, for how he constantly floats in and out of Death. Thanatos could close his eyes and flash right to him without a thought, but today, he considers the position of where Zagreus is.

Ah. His mother's house.

Thanatos supposed there's nothing appropriate about showing up to interrupt Zagreus and Lady Persephone during one of their spring afternoons just before the queen returned to her mother. Especially not if he's doing so with the intent to sleep with Zagreus.

But, he does know that Zagreus doesn't stay long on the surface.

Instead of going straight to Zagreus, Thanatos goes to Zagreus' bedchamber.

He's not been in here since they slept together, and even so much as looking at the bed has him awash in memories of Zagreus pinning him to these bedsheets, the way the cream-colored silk framed Zag's face when Thanatos got Zag under him, the sound of the mattress springs creaking beneath them.

He sits on the couch instead.

His mind isn't safe from his unending lust even here, and he can feel his heart beating faster as he looks at the curtains and imagines Zag walking through to find Thanatos waiting for him. His face must be bright with a flush already. His fingers curl in his cloak.

He ought to take his armor off, right? There's no sense in lying around fully armed and armored while he waits. He unhooks his pauldron and slides his hand out of his gauntlet, setting both on the rug beside the couch, folding his cloak and putting it atop the armor. There's already a pile of Zag's clothes here, and something bright purple Than thinks is Meg's. He readjusts his seat to slide his legs off the couch and bends to unhook his greaves.

His gorget is next—he rolls his shoulders once it's off, feeling lighter without the weight of it. He remembers Zagreus fumbling with it, trying to find the clasp. He remembers Zagreus nipping at his neck. *"No one will see these marks, right? You always hide your throat."* He presses bare fingertips to bare skin and feels where Zagreus touched him.

He's left in his chiton and his leggings, various pieces of jewelry, and he reclines back on the couch again. His chiton slips further up his thigh and he remembers Zagreus trailing blunt fingernails up the inseam of his leggings and reaching in to cup his cock.

"This for me?" he'd asked of Than's arousal.

At this point, what part of him *wasn't* for Zagreus?

Thanatos leans his head back on the arm of the couch, his own fingers redrawing this path. It doesn't feel as good as it does when Zag touches him. He's still becoming aroused though. If he's honest, his leggings have felt a little tight all day.

He squeezes his cock through his leggings and tips his head back to moan. It doesn't echo—Zag's room may be cavernous but it's so full of clutter there's no acoustical worries—but it does sound loud in the silent room.

He's never thought before about what he sounds like when he moans. It's soft, thready, broken. His voice is higher than Zagreus' but he moans a little lower. Zagreus can *squeal*.

His right hand always feels a little cold after he removes his gauntlet, so he tucks it between his legs, up under his chiton. His skin tingles as it warms. He doesn't actively stroke his cock, just feels the soft-hard bulge of it under his hand and breathes. He can feel his pulse there, almost. It's strange to acknowledge that he has a pulse at all.

He thinks of Zagreus, of his heat, of the tangible rush of his blood under his skin. He gets so pink all over, his cheeks, his lips, his chest, his cunt—that one, that's Thanatos' favorite shade of pink.

It's no wonder Aphrodite and Eros are so honored and so feared in the same breath. Thanatos is being overtaken by lust, thinking of Zagreus and squirming a little, pressing his cock against his hand. It's an inelegant movement, humping his own palm like that, and part of him is embarrassed. He watched Zagreus do this, too, sitting up on his knees, his hips rocking as he rubbed against his hand. He'd pulled his fingers away slick. He'd let Thanatos taste them. He can still imagine it now, musky and rich. Thanatos has a distaste for eating most things, and doesn't prefer the sweetness of nectar, but *Zagreus*.

He'd have Zagreus on his tongue forever, if he could.

He's not sure when it slips from absent-mindedly groping himself while he waits for Zag to a fervent and actual need to get off, but by the time he's finished reminiscing about how Zag's cock feels between his fingertips, he's hard enough that the head of his cock is poking over the waistband of his leggings. The obvious solution is to pull them down.

He's still wearing his chiton but he frees his cock, flushed with ichor and looking particularly bright gold against all his black clothes. He shoves his leggings further down his thighs.

Zagreus could come in at any moment, and Thanatos wants him here. It'd be embarrassing to be literally caught with his pants down, but that shame would be mixed with so much arousal, he thinks he could handle it. Zag would walk in, look at him, maybe not realize what he's doing at first. Double-take, like he can't believe his eyes.

Thanatos knows what Zagreus looks like when he's hungry, and he imagines his face like that, the heat in it, the slow pass of his tongue over his lower lip.

Where *is* he?

Thanatos wishes Mort wasn't one-way, that he could summon Zagreus to his side. He needs him. He's never needed anything the way he needs Zagreus. He's touching his cock but it's his heart that aches, longing for his lover, wanting to be nothing more than the object of Zagreus' desire.

"Please," Thanatos prays. *"Please, Zagreus, come to me."*

He's sure Zagreus doesn't literally hear his prayer, but it's answered shortly nonetheless.

The curtains rustle—Than's heart stops for a second. He didn't consider what he'd do if Dusa came to clean Zagreus' room or Achilles showed up for a round of training with him in the courtyard or *Meg* arrived for, well, the same reason Thanatos was here.

But it's just Zag.

He's never *just* Zag, though.

Thanatos wonders when Zagreus stopped looking like his childhood friend and started looking like a prince. He's small for a god but he stands with such presence, the leaves from his laurel floating above his head and drawing the eye up, so you feel as if you're looking up at him even if you're taller.

Also, Thanatos is currently laying on a couch and Zagreus is standing over him—because of course, the first thing he does is come to Than's side—so Thanatos really is looking up at him.

Zag's eyes rake over him from head to foot, catch on the clothes piled at the foot of the couch, then go straight back to Than's face. He lingers for a long moment there, and then looks at Than's cock.

Thanatos is unambiguous about what he's doing. He thinks that if he had better self-control or if Zag wasn't so irresistible, he'd be able to stop his movements, pose a little more alluringly, maybe not look for all the world like he's distracted by his own hand on his cock. But it feels so *good*, even better with Zag here, looking at him, and Thanatos can't stop stroking himself.

"Oh," Zag says, and he sounds breathless. His cheeks are already pink. He plucks at the front of his chiton like he's gotten overheated. "Hey, Than. I didn't expect... hi. Wow, do you look good."

Thanatos' mind is swimming. "Zagreus," he says. "Get over here." It comes out frayed, but he can't collect himself. He's coming unstitched at the seams.

Zagreus is on him in an instant, throwing a leg over his waist and grabbing his face to kiss him. It must be an unsightly press of mouths—Zag is squishing his face up and Than is wrinkling his nose—but they slow down, relax into something sensual.

Zagreus slowly drops his hips, so that he rubs up against Thanatos' cock. Even with Zagreus' leggings on, the friction is enough to have him

squirming beneath Zag. Thanatos shoves Zagreus' chiton up so he can reach the bare skin just above the waist and of Zag's leggings, and Zagreus gasps, probably Thanatos' cold hands shocking him. The skulls on their belts clack together and it makes Zagreus laugh.

Zag pulls away and strips his belt off, but he doesn't get a chance to do more, because Thanatos seizes him around the waist and pulls him flush again. It gets a little yelp out of him.

"What's put you into such a mood?" Zagreus asks. He puts a hand on Thanatos' chest to shove himself backward and finally gets a hand between them to wrench open the clasp on Than's belt, which was probably what Than should have done in the first place, but he needs, needs, *needs*.

"You. Want you, I can't stop." It's like something primal, maybe, chaos, maybe. He drags Zagreus in again and grinds against him so hard his hips lift off the couch. He can't tell if he's smearing pre-come on Zagreus' leggings or if Zag's wet.

Is this what desire is supposed to feel like? Or is it heightened because Thanatos is what he is: a mortal extreme.

"What do you want?" Zagreus says. "Tell me how I can make you feel good."

If he was being his usual, polite self, the answer to that would be, *anything, Zagreus, you know you always make me feel good*. He doesn't say that. He says, "let me fuck you. You feel so good around my cock, let me—"

He's so overwhelmed by lust he doesn't even ask. He just tells Zagreus what he wants. He pushes. He'll feel guilty about it later. What's *wrong* with him?

"Yeah, whatever you need," Zagreus says.

What Thanatos *needs* is to not stop until Zagreus is so stuffed with him he doesn't remember what it feels like to not have Thanatos inside him.

He lifts Zagreus up—Zag may be short but he's not small. He's heavy, because he's made of muscle. Thanatos still doesn't need to put much effort into lifting him.

"What's gotten into you?" Zagreus asks, his breath already a lust-drenched scrape. "You're—oh!—oh, blood and darkness, Than—"

Thanatos had yet to find something as effective at stopping Zagreus in his train of thought as this: tugging his leggings down just enough and pulling him back against Thanatos' cock. He didn't push inside on the first try, but rubbing himself over Zagreus' bare cunt proved that he was fully aroused by Thanatos' manhandling. Than's cock is wet from just that.

"I just need you," Thanatos repeated. "I just want—"

"Here." Zagreus reaches between his legs, spreading himself, easing back so that Thanatos is no longer clumsily thrusting against him but sliding inside. He drops his head against Zagreus' back, crying out at the tight hot squeeze of him. It feels better than he remembered. "That's better, yeah? That's what you needed?"

He nods, his head rolling against Zagreus' back. He can't force words past his lips. He just rocks into Zagreus in unsteady, jerky thrusts, some of them hard enough to bounce Zagreus on his lap and some of them barely pulling him out of Zag. Zag's chiton slips loose without his belt and his pauldron clatters into the space between the edge of the couch and the wall. Thanatos jumps at the sound—it forces his cock deep into Zag, and Zag just moans.

"Gods, you could do this to me forever," Zag groans. "Don't stop."

He's not sure *he* can go forever, or very much longer at all. Considering that he's a divinity he should have more stamina than this, but Zagreus feels so good, all Thanatos wants is release. He can feel Zag's hand, fingers incidentally bumping against Thanatos' cock where it's pushing into him while Zag's touching his own cock.

This deep in him, Thanatos doesn't have to guess whether he's turning Zag on. He can feel it in the spasms of Zagreus' cunt around his cock. Zag's

leaning his head back, kissing at Thanatos' jaw and cheek, but he's too overwhelmed to respond.

Then, Zagreus starts *talking*, and Thanatos knows he's done for.

"Than, you've got no idea what you looked like. *Fuck*, can you imagine walking in on me laying here half-dressed and flushed with my hand on my cock?"

He can, he'll be imagining that very frequently, actually.

"You're just always so—so divine and lovely and it makes me want to undo you—so perfect, I just want to see you all messed up."

He's achieved that, Thanatos is certain.

"Love you so much, Than. You're incredible—ah!—sometimes I can't, *fuck*, can't believe you're mine."

It makes Thanatos tuck his face into Zagreus' neck. He's stopped moving, mostly, but Zag takes over, fucking himself, taking his pleasure from Thanatos. He likes that, the idea that he's become a conduit for Zagreus' pleasure.

"Call me that again," Thanatos says, and it's so quiet he's almost afraid zag can't hear him over the sound of his cock filling Zagreus. Blood and *darkness*, why is that all he wants to hear?

"Hm?" says Zagreus, proving that he really doesn't listen to what he's saying in these moments, he really just spouts off whatever comes to mind. And the first thing he thinks of is how he *loves* Thanatos, how they belong to one another.

"Call me—yours. Say I'm yours."

Zagreus doesn't do it immediately. That's because this must mean as much to him as it does to Thanatos—he's crying out, without words, because Thanatos, despite doing absolutely nothing intentionally, made him come.

He gets so wet Thanatos can feel it on his thighs, seeping into the fabric of his leggings, which he's just barely pushed out of the way.

When Zagreus comes, he clenches like a vise around Thanatos' cock, and when he recovers, he says, "*Thanatos*, of course you're mine—my beloved, my heart."

Thanatos hits the moment he's been waiting for all day: coming inside Zagreus with his face buried in Zag's neck and Zagreus calling him *my love*, *my love* in his ear.

Moments after, he's still got his arms clenched around Zagreus' waist, not letting him up for a moment.

"Is it worth anything to ask again, what's gotten into you?" Zagreus says, his hand coming up to pet through Thanatos' hair.

"No," Thanatos says, and then, because he thinks it'll make Zagreus laugh, "it's what's gotten into *you*."

He's right, and Zagreus' laughter, loud and bright, is the best thing he's heard all day.

Author's Note:

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